THE RELIGION OF A LAWYER.

PRICE ONE SHILLING and SIX-PENCE.

THE

RELIGION

OF A

LAWYER.

Price One Shilling and Six-pence.

THE RELIGION OF A LAWYER,

A CRAZY TALE,

(In Four Canto's;)

ANALYTICAL OF THE

KENTISH STORY

OF

BROOKLAND STEEPLE.

Nugis addere pondus.—Hor. Ep.

LONDON:

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ERRATA.

Page	Line	
1	20	*for* Balkſtone *read* Blackſtone
3	19	*for* here *read* hear
4	13	*for* witneſs *read* witleſs
6	15	*for* Calvaniſtic *read* Calviniſtic
—	18	*for* Superrogation *read* Supererogation
13	8	*for* And will you give the ſubject in the way I have it? *read* And I'll give you the ſubject in the way that I have it
15	25	expunge the word *were*
18	19	*for* of *read* off
—	24	*for* bleed him *read* bleed 'em
19	19	*for* Celebation *read* Celibation
20	25	*for* deprecation *read* depreciation
26	19	*for* Contradictions *read* Contradictious
28	11	*for* head *read* heed
39	3	*for* Relict *read* Relick
62	9	*for* Bembow *read* Benbow

Corrected

THE

RELIGION OF A LAWYER.

CANTO I.

THE Religion of a Lawyer! cry a many,
We never knew his tribe had any;
They're rogues and knaves, a plague, a peſt,
To all religions—this muſt be a jeſt.
It is, the prejudic'd with me,
May ſay it is, we're rogues, agreed:
And why? 'eauſe prejudice inherits
What any fool conceives or credits,
With ſuch the ſcandal paſſes free,
And knave and lawyer a ſynonyma:
For take the weak or wiſer train,
And ſee the ſcandal, how maintain'd:
A blockhead flog'd thro' every claſs,
I'th firſt a drone, i'th laſt an aſs.
Old Gripe, his Sire, ſhall to his lawyer ſend him,
And with a brace of hundreds recommend him;
When, alas! the law to *ſtult*, that muſty
Subject dark and duſty:
Coke and Salkeld, Hale and Ventris,
With Blackſtone, Burn, and *pleas and entries*;

They all as *ſtult*, will ſay and ſwear,
Were th' worſt of ſcoundrels, that they were,
And from what he ſees and what diſcovers,
To live by th'law, is to the ſpoil of others.
Juſt ſo might the blind their want deceive,
And mock the light they can't perceive.
So *ſtult* a lad right good and worthy,
Averſe to live by what's ſo ſcurvy;
Care *pater*, or *maternal* takes him,
And prieſt, or quack, or ſoldier makes him.
None, law or genius, e'er turn'd arſe on,
But could make the empiric, ſtrut, or parſon;
There dulneſs ſhelter'd, then diſdains,
And ſneers at what it couldn't attain;
Or *ſtults* ill ſtars may chance to rule
A five years threſh at deſk and ſtool;
When *it appearing*, *foraſmuch*,
As *ſtult* has been ſo long a drudge;
The equity and law's inquiſitor,
Dubs him attorney and ſolicitor.—
He being ſuch, what ſhall be ſaid,
The man muſt ſtrive to live by's trade;
Ne'er blame the ſcion, but blame the ſtock,
Who look'd for ſcience from his booby block;
Who thwarting nature's wiſer toils,
A lawyer makes, and a plowman ſpoils.
But ſtults admiſſion brings our view,
From plan to practice, thus o'the two,
Lawyer and client, draw the figure fair,
Suppoſe two fools, which the greater there,
He whoſe naked breech you all may ſtare on,
Or he who looks for breeches from off a bare one:
He whoſe vacant wit and barren brains,
His deeds decypher—tongue explains:

Or he who knowing gives them merit,
And reſts thereon his cauſe and credit;
For as 'tis not the ſaſh and ſword
That makes a hero of a coward:
So not the bag of damaſk blue,
A cap, and a latin ſcrap or two;
The pockets cram'd with briefs and caſes,
And the many other momentuous graces,
Can e'er confer a face of wiſdom,
Or ſhew the judgment where there is none.

The man with open eyes, diſpos'd
'Gainſt ev'ry poſt to run his noſe,
With no good face can ever cenſure
The objects of his vain adventure.
A client, plaintiff, or defendant,
Who truſts to a ſtult to ſee an end on't,
Has juſt the ſame pretence for wonder,
When he feels for his own and lawyer's blunder;
Yet ſuch as theſe we hear deplore,
And for one delinquent d—n the corps.

Others, and theſe the moſt invidious,
Are your buſy clients, the moſt litigious:
Theſe, when their wits and ſhifts have fail'd 'em,
Their frauds want aid, or pretence t'avail 'em;
Their tricks o'ermatch'd, and their arts in doubt,
They the lawyer ſeek to help 'em out:—
Suppoſe he hears, and their caſe befriends,
And brings 'em thro'—what ſay they then!

They recommend him, "Sir he's clever;
"I know him, and I know if ever
"There was a rogue unhang'd that he is
one,
"But a better lawyer, I know of none.
"If black's your claims, he white can ſhew
'em,
"Yet only truſt him as you know him."

So, perhaps, for even the good he's done,
The Lawyer's blam'd, and the ſcandal's run,
But ſuppoſe our lawyer's ſcruples raiſe,
A word of right againſt their caſe;
Declines their retainer, ſcorns their fee,
Where the caſe and juſtice diſagree:
Then he's a ſimple witleſs elf,
"The law they know't as well themſelves;
"The blockhead talks of right and con-
ſcience, [ſence;"
"And would make the law a dream of non-
Then caſting round, perhaps they find
The man with a conſcience not ſo blind;
He bleeds their purſe quite free and faſt,
And drops them in a jail at laſt:
He does but juſtice—yet he's blam'd,
The lawyer d——d, and the law defam'd;
Thus fools and knaves the ſcandals give,
And other fools and knaves believe:
Thus knowing whence the ſcandals fall,
The law is ſcandal proof to all;
Stands firm on its own ſuperior worth,
And for fools and knaves it laughs at both.

So

So much for preface, ſo; and well,
Now come ſit round and hear our tale:
Approve or cenſure, as you pleaſe,
But where's the tale? Sirs here it is;
In Kent—the land, where the Norman thought;
The very woods for their freedom fought;
Some ſeventy miles, or not ſo much
From town, t'wards Romney ſtands Brookland church;
But more to the view and wonder of people,
By Broookland church ſtands Brookland ſteeple:
What, ſtands by the church! our critic crys,
Stands by the church! that word reviſe,
You ſhould ſay ſtands on it, but I ſay no Sir,
I ſay the ſteeple ſtands below, Sir;
The deſcription's right without a fault,
For where the wonder if it ſtood as it ought?
The church and ſteeple are quite divided,
The church by itſelf, and that by the ſide it?
Why, how d'ye know? why, Sir, I've ſeen 'em,
Nay, more than ſeeing, I went between 'em.
They're juſt as if your noſe from your face,
From a different bottom had took its baſe;
As to the eyes of all now here ſuppoſe,
There ſtood your head, and *there* your noſe;
Do you underſtand me? *why really no,*
I want it plainer, do you ſo.—
Well, come, we'll ſhew a plainer glaſs,
Say, there's your noſe, and here's my ——;

You

You wide your mark, and I at random,
Depending both on the earth we ſtand on:
Why, now my ſqueamiſh friends are ſaying,
My deſcription here is as much too plain:
Why, if plain, you muſt own the deſcription good,
I ſpeak with a wiſh to be underſtood;
Have ſhewn you the church and the ſteeple's ſcite,
And hinted you a way how to figure it right;
So on with our ſtory in deſign to ſee,
Of a myſtery what the meaning can be:
For a myſtery it is, to the unappriz'd,
As if our fathers, not ſo wiſe,
Had built the church beyond diſpute,
Before they thought of a ſteeple to't.—
But, Sir, *calviniſtic*, here will ſay,
"Why blame our fathers, wiſer they;
"They built no more than they ſaw occaſion,
"The ſteeple's a work of ſuperrogation."
"Right, right," ſays an orthodoxion true,
"And my independant friend, had you
"Been maſter o'the works, we may fairly judge,
There had been no ſteeple, and indeed no church."
No, no, our fathers were no ſuch fools,
To build by heterodoxial rules:
They built their church, rely you on it,
They built it right, and the ſteeple upon it.
The ſteeple, what, what ſteeple pray?
Why the ſteeple there, the ſame I ſay,

What

What this is your jeſt, and I your ſcoff,
As how, *why how, Sir, came it off.*
Oh, a wiſer cries, *it was, perhaps, blown down,*
Yet that's a notion quite his own;
Why, what the Devil! hold, hold I pray,
Of ſteeples what has the Devil to ſay;
The caſe be it natural; or the cauſe be it moral,
Tis not for you or I to quarrel.
The cauſe we have, and which we'll urge,
For the ſteeple's ſchiſm, from off the church,
Will fully account for't, but now be't known t'ye,
It once jump'd off, and ſtands as I've ſhewn t'ye.

Jump'd off, by all that's good and candid,
What, its falſe, you ſay, *we do and ſtand it*:
Why, Sirs, I ſhall take no pains to expound t'ye
A truth, for which I've the voice of a county;
What lords, and ſquires, and yeomen, nay,
What ſheriff and's poſſe to a man would ſay,
And to a man aver, as aver I do,
That word for word, every word is true,
So ſit you down and reſerve your candour,
To give us a lift at a future wonder;
At leaſt forbear with your ſtarts and pauſes,
To bely effects till you know the cauſes.

Now to ſolve this ſtrange phœnomenon,
Of Brookland ſteeple jumping down,

The

The people there, and round about,
Have this tradition to make it out:
Once on a time, but the day and year
They do not ſtate t'ye over clear;
Once on a time, *but once 'tis ſaid,*
An honeſt couple were at Brookland wed;
Honeſt! why yes, by the rule of Kent,
To be married honeſt, with their heart's
conſent:
Its a thing, it happen'd then, they maintain,
But its what they never expect again.

But ſtop, ſays my friend, *I want to know,*
Of this honeſt couple, in what they were ſo;
I want this honeſty explain'd,
And want it full, but not too plain.
Why our honeſt couple whom the legend
weds,
Took not to their meat till grace was ſaid;
They bound their love with due reſtrictions,
And they eat their bridal cake like chriſtians;
Danc'd not before he piper bid 'em,
And then had verſe and chapter with 'em;
She with no ſtrange ſecrets ſought to ſtrive,
He in no profundities to dive,
Or put the ſickle into the corn,
Till the prieſt had fairly ſet him on.
That ſhe was a roſe unſtain'd and true;
And he, that he a roſe was too;
Two virgin roſes plighting troth;
Two ſiſters, aye pure maidenheads both;

What then and this? Sir, this is ſhewn
As the cauſe that brought the ſteeple down;

How

How ſtruck with ſurprize at ſo rare a merit,
It could not ſtand to give it credit;
But when they approach'd their tale ſo odd,
Diſtruſting firſt it gave a nod;
Then ſhook, for really it thought they ly'd,
And then jump'd down to be ſatisfy'd:

And its ſaid, but there they all agree,
Its a thing they muſt never look too ſee,
Unleſs ſome pair of equal grace
With thoſe who made it ſhift it's place;
Should chance to viſit Brookland's vane,
Will it ever jump up in its place again;
But there remain from the church aſunder,
Shewing what happen'd once, *and once to a wonder.*
So runs the tale, ſo the legend goes,
Of the ſteeple ſtanding where it does;
But like to many a village ſtory,
It twiſts from the facts it ſhould ſet before ye.
Tales coming to us by the mere tradition,
Come curtail'd ſome, and ſome with addition.
And things by legends handed down,
Can't always be depended on:
For every age claims new inventions,
And gives new ſhapes, to engage the attention;
Will turn the tale to their own creations,
And blind the text with their annotations.

That the ſteeple jump'd is well made out,
So far the ſtory's paſt all doubt,
That an honeſt couple there were knitted,
Why that ſhall alſo be admitted:

But honeſt, there, its that we reſt on;
Honeſt they were, but in what's the queſtion:
Why, Sir, you told us in what was ſaid
About your roſe and your maidenhead;
I told you, Sirs, as of points inſiſted,
But not as things you ſhould think exiſted:
I told you as the voice of rumour went,
What may have been, *but never in Kent;*
For none but they whoſe ſlandrous tongue,
And intending to do our country wrong,
Could ever have raiſed ſo unjuſt a rumour,
So wide o'the truth, and the country's humour;
Nor none ever liſten'd to ſuch an oracle,
But they thereby help'd to diſguiſe the miracle.

For the honour of Kent, as well as its ſake,
I'll ſay we are honeſt, but its a groſs miſtake,
To ſuppoſe there ever was known an inſtance,
Ancient or modern, when ſo at a diſtance;
Was ſet our country's grand example,
Of ſelling *our girls like our hops, by ſample;*
Both theſe commodities, e're you buy,
You're free to hand, to taſte, and try;
As you like the one, take the bag and well,
As you like the other, why take the girl:
Its a way of trade none can ſay we're hard in,
And a ſap's the chap that wont ſo bargain.

I have

I have own'd and ſay, without romancing,
That honeſty ſet our ſteeple dancing;
But I deny any ſniveling hobnail, he,
Or prudiſh moodiſh mopſa, ſhe;
For they both, you ſhall hear and underſtand,
Stuck faſt, as they ought, to the rule of the land;
With their country held, no laws of it broke,
Infring'd no cuſtoms, nor no uſage ſhook;
But conforming to its various modes and behaviours,
Knew black from grey as well as their neighbours.

No chick of a clown, with's unopen'd oyſter,
Could ever have chang'd the ſteeple's poſture;
To fools that couldn't count their toes,
Be aſſured the ſteeple never roſe;
For two ſuch ſilly queer gew-gaws,
Depend our ſteeple never ſaw;
Or if it had, what's in a veſtal!
To have ſhook a ſteeple off's pedeſtal.

Tell none in Kent of ſuch driveling ſnails,
Of calves and geeſe without any tails;
Of nuts uncrack'd, or pipkins ſtaunch,
Of a ſheepiſh lob, or a maukiſh wench;
Tell the truth, and its this, and I aver it,
And that nothing leſs could have ſhook a turret.
No virgin, ſaint, or ſeer, or warriour,
Like what!
Why an honeſt and religious lawyer,
Hold, ſtay, why, Sir, you ſpeak ambiguous,
You ſaid a lawyer, and you ſaid religious;

A re-

A religious lawyer? and his bride I'm ſhewing,
Were the couple that ſet the ſteeple going:
But a religious lawyer! aye, ſo ſay I;
A religious lawyer! *my friend, you lie.*
We gap'd at the ſteeple's jump from the church,
But a religious lawyer, faith, that's too much;
Set the truth before us, and belief ſhall follow;
But that, Sir, that, we can never ſwallow.
Why my ſteeple ſeems, I grant ye, groſs;
Sir, your religious lawyer is ten times worſe;
Ten ſteeples tumbling, why who would mind 'em, [*him?*
But a religious lawyer, pray where did you find
The very thing I'm about to ſhew ye,
And his religious ſyſtem to ſet before ye;
To prove his way was really good,
And really ſo was underſtood;
To prove, but ſtay, we'll not foreſtall
A word, but give the hiſtory all:
A religious lawyer, that's the text,
And for heads and diviſions, *vide* canto next.

CANTO

CANTO II.

A Religious Lawyer, that's the theſis,
The tractate giv'n, from a traditive treatiſe;
And not from fancy's whims and ſchemes,
A this or that, of the muſes dreams:
A ſomething out of nothing rear'd;
No, we ſpeak from record, and ought to be heard.

So attention, Sirs, I beg and crave it, *that*
And I'll give ye the ſubject in the way I have it?

A century paſt, it may be more—
There's a blot in the ſcroll, and I can't be ſure;
And little it matters, as for aught I know,
Religion was always a mere ſo ſo:
Deluſive faiths were always taught;
And men went ſeldom the way they ought.
A century paſt, in the weald of Kent—
Again—why what can here be meant?
There's another blot in the ſcroll, for here
It ſays in the weald—but it don't ſay where:
However, its not the tythe of farthing,
Whether Chart, or *Bethersden*, or Smarden,

Or

Or *Tenterden*, or Headcorn either,
Or it may be not—it may be neither;
But a ſomewhere makes for what's deficient;
There a lawyer liv'd, is quite ſufficient;
His name decpyher'd to its due ſenſe,
Was *Mr. Francis Juriſprudence*:
But we call him Frank, and *Frank* alone,
Yes, t'other's grown obſolete, unknown.
No, Sir, your vulgar way of expreſſion,
would by Juriſprudence, infer oppreſſion,
But we call him Frank 'cauſe th'abreviation,
Is not amiſs in the way of relation;
And ſhall ſay of Frank, when the boy was young,
He had a brazen face, and a fluent tongue;
Well born, but late in lap of his mother,
Had come to the world a younger brother;
Had learnt, had genius, and without pretence
Or pride, had wit, and wit with ſenſe:
That thence we date the riſe, and cauſe
Of Frank to the law, who a lawyer was.

But Frank, by himſelf, is not our ſtory,
We have others, who, and what, we'll ſhew ye;
For the law, whoſe peaceful rule unites,
Compels, and ſets us all to rights,
Is a ſocial, free, converſive ſcience,
And looks but bare without its clients:
Our Frank, tho' young in practice there,
Had clients, yes, Frank had his ſhare.

Our

Our Tale at preſent claims, let's ſee,
The parſon, phyſician, and the next muſt be
A neighbouring lady, her name ſo pleaſe ye,
The honourable Miſs Arabella Queaſy.
And a lady ſhe was, a nymph of ſtate,
With a large ſtone houſe, and a great eſtate;
So young and handſome, that for charms of perſon,
She was all that praiſe can gingle verſe on;
Her eyes, her noſe, her ſmile, her frown,
Her neck, her breaſt, her ——, ſo on down;
Yes, all a modeſt muſe can touch of,
No modeſt muſe can ſay too much of;
And more than all to this be ſaid,
That lady Queaſy was in fact a maid:
A maid! why Sir, the muſe that's chaſte
Will never look below the waiſt;
Sir, if I had, I ſhould make a doubt,
If a caſe ſo dark I could there make out;
Its not from ſeeing, or a ſlight ſuggeſtion,
That I raiſe, or anſwer ſuch a queſtion;
Nor yet from trial, and yet I cry,
That a maid ſhe was, and now I'll tell ye why:
But, Oh! for a ſtrain, whoſe numbers ſlow,
Mournful, and deep, their cadence low,
May ſhew the woes we ſee —— brought on,
By the great exceſs of wealth and fortune;
Or elſe to touch ſome ſprightly lyre,
Whoſe lively notes and briſker fire
May ſhew the pleaſing happy lot,
Of ſuch as are not worth a groat;

For

For liſt, O liſt, our lady brave,
With whatſoe'er her riches gave,
With all her homeſteads, houſes, lands,
And all ſhe ow'd from fortune's hands,
Was, ſad to tell, yes, well-a-day,
As Raguel's daughter was they ſay,
She was, O riches! hear thy merit,
She was troubled with an *evil ſpirit*;
An evil ſpirit! what, mean ye, haunted,
Yes, verily, yes, take it ſo, for granted,
For ſo it was, ſome fate decreed,
And very odd, *aye, odd indeed*:
Surprizing too, but told of a woman,
You muſt not ſay the thing's uncommon;
Nor riſe on a *ſadducean* age too faſt,
On what this thing of a ſpirit was:
Or elſe ſome modern ſceptic's doubt
Will turn our ſpirit inſide out;
Your credulous eaſy faith deride,
And tell you *the ſpirit was the lady's pride*;
But in former days they were not ſo civil;
They really ſay, that *this was a devil*:
And ſuch a devil, or ſuch a deviliſh ſprite,
No man much car'd to come a nigh it.
Such a *belle tramontane*, ſuch a very vixen,
No art of man had the power of fixing;
Such a very brim, and of that reſiſtance,
That ſhe kept them all at a deviliſh diſtance,
And thence it is, I am free to aſſert,
That a maid ſhe was, and you've my reaſon for't.

But

But to paſs this devil a while of his due,
We'll have next a word with the parſon, *who*
What devil and parſon!—why, Sir, their rank,
I ſhan't diſtinguiſh but as clients of Frank;
Shall beg to produce 'em, conſidering fur-
ther, [other.
That one would be nothing without the
Why that's but true, but come, the prieſt;
Why, of *Sir Clerg*, perhaps to ſay the leaſt;
And yet do him juſtice, amongſt a many
Brothers o'church, he was as lazy as any;
Tho' not to ſwerve from what was true,
He was like the many, as greedy too:
To be ſure the caſſock, ſome would ſay,
Was benevolent, he was, in a carnal way:
Benevolent! aye, and generous! yes,
To a wench—and where's the prieſt but is.
But ſee the aged peaſant, poor,
Death by his bed, and want in his door;
Were ghoſtly comforts then requir'd,
And the parſon's miniſtry deſir'd,
He was ſhooting, courſing, ill with his
head, [dead.
Or he'd come, why yes—when the ruſtic's
But call where pig, and pay, and ſcarf,
Or the fowls were good, and *Clerg* could
quaff,
Give my reſpects and my bleſſing too,
Jo, bring my hat, I'll be as ſoon as you;
With a living clear five hundred ann.
A houſe, and a tolerable glebe of land;
Clerg thought it little to pay for prayers;
But we have all our faults—and the clergy
theirs.

Now a word with phyſic, and him we ſhew
Was a neighbouring doctor,—*doctor!* no;
Yes, yes, a doctor, *how can you tell!*
Why an *Edinburgh* diploma, *well.*
But juſt as will, ſo *Cauſtic* call,
He was peſtle, lancet, probe and all;
A *convinc'd friend*, and that, Sir's, one
Who pretends to a light, having never had none;
A quaker, ſuch, who, for a temporal end,
Takes the ſpirit, holds forth, and becomes a friend;
Call *Cauſt* to the rich, and pills, and potions,
Drops, powders, boluſſes, and lotions,
And ſtrengthening juleps, gargles, bliſters,
And lenitive draughts, and pukes and clyſters,
You would find come thick, and none to urge
They ever dy'd for want of a purge.
But to where diſeaſe, or where diſaſter,
For charity's ſake, ſought puke or plaiſter.
When labouring Hodge fell off the ſtack,
And broke his head, and bruis'd his back;
When old dame Clod ſnap'd ribs and arm;
And Ralph from the mill-pond drawn out warm;
Call Cauſtic here, "*piſh, who ſhould need him?*
But he'd follow, yes,—"*when cold, to bleed-*
'em: him."

Thus the faculty, ſtay but let us ſee—
The faculty have faults—yes, ſo have we;
Lawyers, as well as the prieſt and phyſician,
Every ſtation, rank and condition,

If we ſay the thing that's right and fair,
Should all be better than what they are:
And it is not one ſhould clear or blot;
Say I am right, and they are not;
Commend but this, that only blame,
Give praiſe to one, and another ſhame:
No,—lawyers, parſons, doctors, theſe
Are of all gradations, as well as degrees;
Some good, ſome bad, all I am to think on
Is the three before us, *which* may claim diſtinction:
Adhering ſtill to our grand precedent,
Of a religious lawyer, and now ye ſhall hear on't.

For proceeding on by ſteps and ſtrides,
In a way which matter of fact it guides,
We bring the doctor, and we bring the divine,
With the law, one *Hilary-eve* to dine.
Friends, batchelors all, a thing like that,
Is a thing not much to be wonder'd at;
Becauſe in a ſtate of celebation,
Not having a wife for converſation,
We are odd, queer fiſhes, we things of men,
And glad to quarter whereſoe'er we can:
Happy in a friend to cheer our home,
And clear the ruſt of living alone.
With a plenteous board, Frank, be it confeſt,
Ever treated his friends, his port the beſt;
But here we are not, for a mere diſplay
Of what they eat, but what they ſay;

The cloth remov'd, the bottle paſs'd,
In a free, a cheerful ſocial glaſs;
And then about the time when *John*
Had ſet the *tenth* decanter on;
When tythes and phyſic, law and news,
The girl, which this or that would chuſe;
And horſes, hounds, and things of ſtate,
Had undergone a full debate;
In ſhort, when humour found a burden,
And they had nothing elſe to ſay a word on,
Religion then, as a thing of courſe,
Became the ſubject matter of diſcourſe;
For certain 'tis, when our ſenſe gets drown'd,
And our wit low, we get profound;
As our judgment that begin's to doze,
Then vaſtly deep the ſubject grows.

The law, what every little wit
Conceives his puerile ſtrictures hit;
What every tiny puny jack
Affects to think he is free to attack;
And, yes, that law, which but to turn;
Like Aaron's rod, proves their's a worm:
This law had borne with ſome degree
Of patience, all that Clerg was free
And prompt to ſay in a deprecation,
Of not much truth or moderation;
And Frank's ſuppoſed to have took occaſion
To drop a word of recrimination;
"For maſter lawyer," crys Sir Clerg,
"Pray what have you to ſay o'the church?
"A lawyer, Frank, is of no religion,
"And the church has nothing for your
deciſion:

" You can talk, to be ſure, about *redemption*,
" And of *praying relief*, and *praying exemption*
" Of facts, and deeds, and a final judgment,
" But what d'ye ever expect to come on't?
" The faith of the law, we are very certain,
" Has little for man to put his truſt in;
" And we know, if a better ſtates our care,
" That the law is no lantern to light us there."

At this, our Cauſtic's inward light,
Firſt having turn'd his eyes quite white,
Flaſh'd out, " Friend Clerg, thy lantern pray,"
" Is it any better in the light o'the way
" Than our neighbour Frank's? no, verily ye are
" Dark lanterns both, and whoſo there
" In the den of Daniel, and either rely on,
" Had better truſt the roaring lion.

Says Frank, " for my religious lantern,
" I beg you'll neither pretend to cant on;
" My religion's *matter of private opinion*;
" Where it brings me no fee, I there wiſh to give none;
" And as to my faith, pray charge leſs plainly,
" I have not aſſerted, yet, I have any;
" For diſputes like theſe I'll ne'er adviſe,
" They miſlead the weak, and confound the wiſe;
" I'd have all men judge, but no man palter,
" Or diſpute with what's behind the altar:
" And yet, not to paſs your cenſure by,
" Without a word, take this for reply,

" That

" That the truths of nature, underſtood "
" Of conſcience, as to the ill or good; "
" That to take the good, and to ſhun the ill, "
" Is the fair extent of the human will; "
" That by an innate grace we ſtand endow'd "
" To exerciſe this will as we ſhould: "
" And ſtand convict, by a mental ſprite, "
" When we do not exerciſe it right. "
" From nature, then, her truths in as much "
" As I call 'em truths, and hold as ſuch, "
" Without one individious thought "
" Of my own good, and another's fault; "
" Diveſted too, of every pretence "
" To a better light, or a better ſenſe "
" Than my pooreſt neighbour, from thence I ſay, "
" From nature's truths I can trace a way; "
" And find an univerſal cauſe, "
" His wiſdom, power, his will, and laws; "
" And the union ſee, the catenation "
" Which nature has with revelation: "
" By the firſt, the truths of the laſt ſelect, "
" By the laſt, the firſt truth correct; "
" But *in no reveal'd, or moral light,* "
" *May I condemn the faith, where the action's right:* "
" Thus condemning mine, in my opinion, "
" You both condemn with uſurp'd dominion; "
" And exerciſe, in your reprehenſion, "
" A right, I am free to call in queſtion: "
" So, unleſs, my friends, your faith affords "
" A proof of ſomething more than words, "

" That

" That you are right, and I am wrong,
" Why parſon, quaker, hold your tongues;
" Or if you'll reaſon, that by his deed
" You ſhould judge a man, and not by's creed,
" Why I'll join my inference, and ſupport
a deciſion,
" *That he whoſe works are moſt worthy, has moſt religion.*

" Works! ſays our quaker, with quick retort,
" Your works! crys our parſon, replying as
ſhort,
" You! what a lawyer! give me patience;
" He talk of works!—'tis with little occaſion,
" For from what example, or from what pre-
tentions
" Shall a man that proſpers by mens conten-
tions;
" Who thrives by ſtrife, and would ſtarve by
none,
" Stand up for works, means he works his own:
" Enough," ſays Frank, "I mark your confeſſion;
" It is not men, but the mere profeſſion
" Calls up your cenſure, ſo our iſſue joins;
" On which is beſt, his, your's, or mine.

" Oh, man! preſumptuous Cauſtic, cries,
" Yea ſpeakeſt—yea, verily, ſpeakeſt unwiſe,
" And prophane, with thy arm of fleſh would
ſay,
" Thy place is among thy elders"—" nay,"
" Rejoins Frank, for either o'the three,
" To abide by the one, or the other's decree;

And

" And by the barren power of words alone,
" To obtain an award in favor of one;
" The idea's a vain one, and that's no wiſer;
" That ſhould want to fix a reproach on either;
" For however you judge, vindicate, or accuſe,
" However I give, or may anſwer abuſe,
" Sir Clerg, the parſon ſtill will be,
" You, Cauſtic, the doctor, and the lawyer me;
" So in ſpite of the church, and defying the ſpirit,
" I ſay *works* alone can diſtinguiſh our merit.

" Agreeing to this," ſays Clerg, " what then,
" The lawyer's works, I ſay my friend;
" Suppoſe we ſet you at ſuch a caſt,
" We ſhall count your works, boy Frank, the laſt:
" That depends on proof," ſays Frank, " becauſe
" Prejudice will yield to no other laws;—
" He whoſe works, and the're my meaning ſays,
" He, whoſe religion ought bear the praiſe,
" Is he, whoſe deeds the beſt are prov'd,
" As to ſocial virtues, and moral good:
" He, who his talent the beſt employs
" To make mortals happy, and to make them wiſe;
" The concluſion's this, when all's rehearſt,
" He is beſt, who is beſt, oppos'd to the worſt:
" So in pride of good, to the ſpite of evil,
" Now *which of us three is a beſt match for the devil.*"

Cauſtic,

Cauſtic, he ſtares, and the parſon too;
" The devil," ſays Clerg, " what has he to do
" With the matter,—ha! Frank—what mean
you here.
" The thing, I ſay, as I wiſh to clear:
" The caſe before us—to ſimplify
" The diſpute at once, and to bring us nigh
" To a fair conviction, without affinity
" To any airy doctrines of your ſchool, divi-
nity;
" For if as you preach, Sir Clerg, the devil
" Is the father of miſchief, lies, and evil;
" Its religious to oppoſe him, and he confeſt,
" The moſt religious, who can oppoſe him
beſt.
" But, my friends, you ſtare, your comprehen-
ſion
" I ſee is below this devil I mention;
" But a little art, and as little logic
" Will ſet us right on ſuch a project:
" His quarters, Sirs, if common fame
" Can with us any credit claim,
" Are nigh at hand,—defend us, where!
" Why, my *Lady Queaſy*, O! you're there!
" Why, faith, if the devil's on Kentiſh ground,
" No doubt but what he's there to be found:
" Cauſtic, what think you? why, yea declare
" If a devil there is—a devil is there;
" But the devil, ſays Clerg, by himſelf alone,
" If one to one—is a fair ſet on;
" But the devil, yes, and a woman too;
" Why who the devil will attack the two?

" Nay,

" Nay, nay, 'says Frank, 'the gauntlet's thrown,
" Take it up, or yield to the law alone;
" I pledge myself resolv'd to the lists,
" And will undertake it—come, no or yes—
" This devil and his works, if you dare agree,
" Being made, the several, attack o'the three;
" Will give facts to reasons, the best anterior,
" To prove our consequent superior;
" For he to whom the devil yields,
" Must shew the hero against the field.
" The other's boasts be superseded,
" And to him the palm of religion yielded."

" But hear me," says Clerg, " e're we proceed,
" What articles of war?—
" You shall hear them read;"
" That we may'nt digress from the very end
" Whereon pre-eminence depends;
" Or insist on any distinct degree,
" With science branching o'er the three,
" Or either; contradictions now,
" To the worth, or will, of the other two;"
" By frivolous chance, and by that alone,
" I'd divide all three into ev'ry one,
" So far as to make the three afford
" A first, a second, and a third;
" A ratio, this, not our merits stating,
" But mere the case divaricating;
" To give to each his separate turn
" To give the devil a setting down,
" A joint attack we can't maintain,
" Useless, and unfair. The odds, most plain;
" It's enough the devil to have only one,
" And he being down, the other on:

So a various trial, by the eccentric ſyſtem
Of our various callings, ſhall be deem'd conſiſtent.
Each to's vocation,—for you, Sir Clerg,
Shall take your meaſures in right o'the church:
Friend Cauſtic, here, ſhall ſtick to's phyſic;
And I with law will make my viſit:
Three months, I hold without denial,
Will be time enough for each man's trial;
Three, ſix, or nine, for the devil to beat us,
Or to give the devil his full quietus;
We'll throw *a die*, and by the caſt
Say who goes firſt, who next, who laſt.
Each ſtake his hundred, two, or more,
And he, if he, who goes before
Succeeds, and brings this devil down,
Shall ſweep the ſtakes, and all his own;
Or elſe the next, or elſe the third,—
Come, dare ye, take me at my word;
Dare ye from word to bond proceed,
And pledge and bind it with your deed;
Abide the event of this deciſion,
To prove by your works your truth of religion.

Friend Frank, thou knoweſt the various tales
That about our lady's devil prevails?"

'I do, that its pride, and be pride the evil,
'Pride, doctor, pride you know's the devil:
'She handſome, young, and well eſtated,
'And could the devil but be defeated,

"Is

"Is a jewel, that wou'd well adorn the knight [flight."
"That ſhould put his devilſhip once to

On this, a merry or a mad propoſal,
Cauſtic, he paus'd with great compoſure;
Sir Clerg, he thought it ſomething new,
And paus'd with great compoſure too:
And whether, when each had turn'd his mind,
Each felt right bold from his own deſign,
And glowing in pride of his own invention,
Conceiv'd the thing was worth attention,
Or how, but they gave it ſo much heed
As to bid Frank, there, draw up the deed;
And drawn it was, and the die was caſt,
Clerg *firſt*, Cauſt *next*, and *Frank the laſt*.
The ſtakes were lodg'd, and all agreed,
And the parſon, he, to take the lead,
If fortune ſtood to him ſo civil,
And in three months, Clerg, cou'd beat the devil;
The ſtakes the praiſe, the prize the gain
Were his, and his ſhould thence remain;
If he ſhould fail, why then the turn
Commenc'd of Cauſtic, and if the devil run
In the next three months, for fear of Cauſt,
The ſtakes were his, and the others loſt,
But what if Clerg, and Cauſtic, neither,
If the devil ſhould prov'd too hard for either,
Why then as laſt and final, law
Was to riſe, to ſet the devil in awe;
If a three months ſuit, apply'd with ſpirit,
Could put the devil to try his merit;

And

And notwithſtanding all his quirks,
Obtain a verdict 'gainſt his works:
Why judgment then, at a *day in bank*
Should be enter'd up, for lawyer Frank;
And the ſtakes, the prize, the gain, the praiſe,
Be only his, the deed ſo ſays.
So were the terms, by the deed confirm'd,
Secrecy ſworn by all, *and affirm'd*;
Each undertaking, on's reſpective part,
That the devil a word would he impart,
Of that, then preſent, deed, or ſhew
Direct or indirectly how
The connection ſtood—attempts how ſtated,
Or how, of the devil, they'd excogitated,
Under a penalty to ſuch,
Of a ſum, it matters not how much.
So ſign'd, and ſeal'd, being firſt—Oh, ſtay,
Firſt duly ſtamp'd, I was going to ſay,
But on recollection—there was no occaſion,
The devil a *ſtamp* was there *then* in faſhion.
No, the devil himſelf might be given and granted,
And not a ſingle ſtamp be wanted;
Signed, ſealed, and witneſs'd, was all that needed,
And thus was the bet in all completed.
Another flaſk or ſo, and then
It's, "Frank, good night," with both our friends;
"Here John, the lantern, you and Tom,
"Go light Sir Clerg, and Mr. Cauſtic home."

But e're Frank lays the deed to reſt,
And in ſafety up in's iron cheſt,
Malicious envy ſtarts in ſight,
And dares the muſe to do her right;
Diſplays the deed, and bids her ſtay
To hear what ſhe thereon ſhall ſay:
Behold, ſhe crys, religion ſhewn
A ſucceſsful tool to craft alone;
Your lawyer loves this haughty dame;
He loves, and with a ſecret flame:
Secret, not from the honeſty,
Of his overweening modeſty,
For any baſhful nice reſerve,
Was never in him much obſerv'd;
His paſſion here is ſuch, where notion
Looks firſt to management and caution,
And holds, without a little foreſight,
A lovers wiſh can never go right;
Thus, the diſpoſition and the fortune
Of our lady Queaſy, being thought on.
It occur'd at the time his plans were caſt,
That to ſubdue the firſt, he muſt attack the
laſt;
Since to that our devil's ramparts join'd,
And could only there be undermin'd:
Now doubting when the attack was made,
The devil would fly to church for aid;
Or elſe to phyſic, the only two
He had the leaſt to fear, of any he knew,
As their prying wits might be too critical,
And perhaps diſcover his attack political:
He declines to march againſt the embrazure,
Till firſt he had took this previous meaſure.

For

For as to the reſt of his honeſt neighbours,
To oppoſe his good and pious labours,
The country ruſt in their compoſitions,
Shew'd neither critics, nor politicians;
That therefore Frank's conſpiring head,
In all he had juſt propos'd and ſaid,
Had more in reach and more in view
Than what Sir Clerg, or Cauſtic knew.
Now by *oath*, and *affirmation* with it,
Having ſeal'd their conſcience up in ſecret,
Why let them wage their wits, he ſaw,
For the devil the only thing was law;
That fortune howſoe'er befriending,
A lawyer's lie would reach beyond 'em.

But envy's this, the muſe, indignant,
Will not allow of theſe, malignant
Rude ſuggeſtions, rais'd on ſpite,
But inſiſts that all was fair and right.

So how the campaign open'd—how
Each took his meaſures againſt the foe;
With what ſucceſs, with what diſaſter,
And whether the devil met with's maſter;
Our next diſpatches they may ſhew;
And our next gazette ſhall let ye know.

CANTO

CANTO III.

" HERE lies in hopes to find all eaſy,
" The right and honorable lord Tom Queaſy,
" Baron of Queaſy, in the county of Kent,
" To the memory of whom this monument
" By his daughter Arabel's direction,
" And at her expence had here its erection:"
Lord Queaſy! pray, Sir, be ſo juſt
As to ſay what's he, or his tomb, to us?
Patience and peace, Sir, I'm firſt a giving
An account of the dead, as told the living:
And then with the parſon's help and aiding,
With all due ſpeed I intend to raiſe him;
For in ſpite of Clerg, *two months were paſt,*
And ſtill the devil where he was;
For whether our lady was not bely'd,
And her devil ſomething more than pride:
Yet it ſo happen'd, Clerg miſs'd his aims,
And my lady, ſhe, was ſtill the ſame.
In vain he rebuk'd, in vain adviſ'd,
In vain adjur'd, and exorciſ'd;
In vain, when ſhe among his hearers,
Has the pulpit groan'd, in all its terrors;
In vain he talk'd and rav'd, our Sir
Might talk, and rave, and ſweat for her;

For

For vain was all, do what he will,
It was lady Queaſy and the devil ſtill;
His diſcourſe, if e'er ſhe thought it laſhing,
Her maids would lay the prieſt, and thraſh him;
And if to her private ear, and civil,
He has thought to reaſon out the devil;
Sure as night came, as ſure in a ditch
Sir Clerg has found himſelf bewitch'd:
In all ſo freakiſh wild a ſpirit,
Left Clerg ſmall hopes of ſucceeding with it.
However, his ſcheme, the great and grand one
Was yet to come, for tho' our madam
Regarded nothing, the living ſaid,
Surely ſhe'd pay a reſpect to the dead;
A father too, it was him we find
Sir Clerg's ſcheme had yet behind;
So ſhortly all the village heard,
How lord Tom Queaſy's ghoſt appear'd:
"That it walk'd in the church, in white was clad,
"And a many had ſeen it, or they thought they had;
"That there it roſe, and there would ſtand,
"And there it ſtalk'd, and there with's hand
"Had pointed to's tomb, as tho' it read
"Of's daughter there, and ſhook's head
"Indeed, and then it look'd forlorn,
"Shook's head again, and then was gone."

And at this the parſon, clerk, and ſexton,
With half the pariſh, were to be ſure perplex'd on;
It muſt be thought, as it was ſurprizing,
" Our old lord Queaſy's ghoſt upriſing;
" But whence the cauſe, what could it be,
" His daughter—Oh, to be ſure 'twas ſhe;
" This devil of a daughter, nothing leſs
" Could have ever diſturb'd the old lord's reſt;
" But, come, hope good may riſe of evil,
" The ghoſt, perhaps, is come for the devil.

Thus, gravely, each addreſs'd his neighbour,
Thus the parſon's mountain groan'd in labour.

Our lady hearing things related,
The ghoſt, and his various ways repeated,
With apparent fear the ſtory treating,
She deſires to give the ghoſt a meeting;
So ſends to Clerg a card, to ſhew her
The ghoſts good time, his uſual hour
When he made his viſit, and tell her when
He'd be beſt prepar'd to receive a friend.

Clerg thought ſhe ſmoak'd the grand illuſion,
But yet he thinks a ſtrong deluſion,
To mantle meaſures, would ſure prevail,
So he anſwers, bids her not to fail
The midnight hour, as if ever again
The ghoſt appear'd, moſt likely then.
Clerg paus'd awhile at what to do,
But the ſtakes he had pledg'd, and muſt go thro'.

The midnight hour approach'd, it came,
And attended with it comes the dame:
Clerg gravely meets her at the porch;
And gravely ushers her into church;
The village there she found assembling
Twixt a wet and a sweat, and others trembling,
At the devil? yes, and the expected ghost,
Uncertain which to dread the most:
'Nay, tho' the parson he was there,
'Why yet the devil was a thing to fear;
'And then the spectre, could any say
'But they might carry church and all away,
'And then, but ah!" in flame or phosphor,
Come the ghost with a squib, and stunk of sulphur;
The rustics, they, to the door they get,
By luck 'twas nigh, and off they set;
So great the fright, not one could turn him,
To see if 'twas devil, or ghost that drove him;
Our Lady takes a cursory view,
Calls to her maids, and away runs too.

Quite bold at this, Clerg, now for granted,
Thought a step advanc'd to the thing he wanted;
He had put the devil, for once, in a fright,
And by force of fancy should subdue him quite,
Nay, thought himself, and with no ambition,
A very *Glanvill* at an apparition.

But, ſomehow, vain it is to boaſt,
Clerg reckon'd here without his hoſt;
Our lady's fright was a kind of weakneſs,
That had more of art than it had of meekneſs;
And her viſit then, a viſit only
(Like many others) of ceremony
To gain a ſight of the puppet's playing,
In the next ſhe would ſpeak to the ghoſt and lay him.

To Clerg ſhe ſends a diſpatch on the morrow,
This ghoſt had given her infinite ſorrow;
That tho' her courage mightn't bring her thro'
The terrors of a ſecond interview;
Yet ſo much ſhe wiſh'd, ſo much to know,
If the ghoſt had a word for her or no,—
That venture ſhe would, and venture did,
At the hour next night when the parſon bid.

But previous whatſoever ſhe meant,
She diſcover'd ſomething of a ſtrange intent;
Her maids, ſome ten or eleven there,
(All ſtrapping jades to be ſure they were;)
Two in their aprons nicely fold
A pair of blankets, theſe we're told
Their lady bid 'em make bolters of 'em,
And ſift ghoſt and prieſt to the very bottom,
To aid and aſſiſt the others join
With their bucking ſtaves, and their laundry lines;

So whatever was plan'd, the matter's clear,
That more was meant than to ſee and hear.

The night, in point of prelude, paſt
In all the ſame as paſt the laſt;
The people there, the prieſt for one,
The ghoſt ſtarts, and the people run,
Dark, and our lady ſeiz'd the parſon,
And about his neck a line was faſten'd
Unſeen, unthought, for Clerg, delighted,
Conceiv'd ſhe hung about him frighted:
But now, as ſeeming more collected,
She, her ſteps towards the ghoſt, directed,
It flits, it ſhifts, and a croaking ſpeech,
Bids her not come within its reach:
"That, Oh, with grief, and much offence,
"It had heard the wicked ways ſhe went;
"That there it was, and there becauſe
"It would have her better than what ſhe
was.
"Exhorts her then to diſmiſs that devil,
"Which her pride created, to all her evil;
"That Clerg, good man, was juſt and holy,
"And ſhe ought to liſten to him ſolely;
"That *but from him, and his careſſing,*
"She muſt ever hope to obtain a bleſſing:"
It paus'd, and now with well acted wonder,
Our lady calls her maids around her;
And "ghoſt," ſays ſhe, "for a moment
grant me,
"What has oft been ſaid, a devil haunts me,

"And

" And to little purpoſe are your nods and
ſcratchings,
" Unleſs you've ſtrength to over match him;
" In your love of the parſon now defend
him,
" Or elſe, or elſe, the devil ends him:
" Mighty and ſtrong is the devil I fear,
" And has got the parſon, and will hang him
here:
" The deadly nooſe I know is fix'd,—"
Clerg ſtarts—and lo, the line was twitch'd;
His horrors riſe, Clerg never lingers,
But runs to ſlip the devil's fingers,
And haply did, and wiſely too,
For what the devil was the man to do:
The halter twiſted round his gullet,
And the devil begun, as he thought, to pull
it.

Tho' vex'd he had 'ſcap'd, out laughs our
lady,
Now ghoſt, ſhe cries, the devil ſhall lay ye;
Here, Marian, you and the reſt, the blanket,
But the ghoſt he never ſtay'd to thank her;
He vaniſh'd—yes, and by them ſuppos'd
To vaniſh into the parſon's houſe:
And tho' none there would ſwear 'twas ſo,
Yet they thought it look'd like his footman,
Jo;
But ſo or not, it was never heard
That ever the ghoſt again appear'd.

The parſon, he, to ſave his credit,
Stuck faſt to an eſcape from the evil ſpirit;

How, if his virtues had not ſav'd him,
The devil there had of life bereav'd him;
While the halter, like a relick holy,
Was ſhewn to ſanctify his ſtory.

Our lady ſtill, a devil in pride,
Heard all, and nothing of this deny'd;
Nay, and if ſhe had, ſhe had gain'd with few,
For a devil ſhe was now, in every view;
A devil, by one and all decreed,
" For who but the devil, pray who but he
" Cou'd e'er ſo ſad a thing imagine,
" As to want to ſet Sir Clerg a hanging;"
In troth they believ'd, as the parſon bid,
Who was glad to eſcape half hang'd as he did.

Some days paſt o'er his routed ſprite,
And he a little recover'd his fright,
For Cauſt and Frank he ſends to ſup,
And fairly gives them the devil up:
He tells 'em all their art muſt fail,
That he was ſure the devil would ſtill prevail;
That whatſoe'er his belief before,
It was a belief he'd entertain no more;
That in faith and fact, and very deed,
Lady Queaſy's devil, was the devil indeed;
And that having once got clear with's neck,
Who would might attack her devil next.

" Well, then ſays Frank, friend Cauſtic, you,
" I think, by the deed and the chance we threw,

" Commence

" Commence the next; friend Clerg you hear
" Has found this devil above his ſphere;
" And tho' he has rais'd the dead at his word,
" The devil a ſtep has the devil ſtir'd.
" So, Cauſtic, come, your *farthing wick*,
" Perhaps may ſhew our devil a trick;
" The light of the ſpirit may work the wonder,
" And bring this dog of a devil under.

" Yea, nay, friend Frank, you hear friend Clerg,
" We'll be govern'd now by advice of church.
" Our neighbour, here, and his narrow 'ſcape,
" With the halter, yea, at his very nape,
" The devil, who will, for me may follow,
" For the devil ſhall never have me in's collar;
" My neck, my neck, is ſafe I know,
" And indeed I intend to keep it ſo.
" But the ſpirit" he hum'd—" it riſeth—yea—
" And it riſeth—yes—it riſeth, I ſay
" At this thing we wot of – becauſe at a time
" When ſimple men, we were drunk with wine;
" I deviſe and propoſe—yea, I wiſh for the ſakes
" And peace of us all, that *we take back ſtakes*;
" It will ſhew that grace is ſuperabounding,
" To *leave the devil in the place we found him*.
" No, no, ſays Frank, not ſo, my friend,
" We bargain'd for the devil, and we'll ſee the end;

" What,

" What, tho' friend Clerg in his works has
falter'd,
" And ſo hardly 'ſcap'd, as he did, the halter:
" What tho', friend Cauſtic, thou'rt grown
wiſe
" From the fear of the halter, before thy eyes,
" It does not follow, the law ſhould do
" As if it had the fear of the halter too.
" So if to curb and rein the proud,
" To make a woman know her good;
" To bring a haughty ſpirit low,
" And the frail conceits of riches ſhew;
" If doing this—and this I'll ſay
" Is to the very devil that's in the way;
" If in doing this there's any religion,
" The ſtakes I'll have, without diviſion:
" My works, you'll ſee, ſhall over match ye,
" And ſo, Mr. devil, let me have at you;
" So be the truth by trial imparted,
" And ſo good night both," and ſo they parted.

Frank mounts his *Rozinante* next day,
And to a brother lawyer poſts away;
At Romney, at—or near we know,
But ſtrictly which, we cannot ſhew.

He unboſoms how the matter lay,
What part was his, and his to play,
With full inſtructions gives the cue,
" So brother mind, and ſo adieu."

Next day, Frank's Romney friend had ready,
And by ſpecial meſſage ſerves my lady

With

With ſomething o'the ambagenial ſort,
Part ſcript, part type, but paſt her thought
Or comprehenſion, our lady, ſhe,
Having ſtared a period, reads, let's ſee:

Eaſter term, and Kent, to wit,
John Doe was attach'd to anſwer it;
Attach'd to anſwer Richard Roe,
Wherefore, with force, and arms, and ſo
He broke and enter'd Richard's cloſes,
His tenements, his farms and houſes,
In the pariſh of, &c. which
A *Straw* demis'd to him, ſaid Rich.
For a term, which then was very long,
And ejected him, and many a wrong
To him there did, to his damage great,
And againſt the peace of the King and ſtate.

This, and a deal about a demiſe
Of a leaſe and term, and ſwords and knives;
How Jack had enter'd and driven Dick
Away from his farm, with ſtave and ſtick;
The whole of all the forenſic jumble,
Being to make our lady's title tumble;
A previous ſtroke, a covert aim
Obliquely, caſt for a better claim.

She read it—paus'd—then read again—
What, what, could all this matter mean!
Again ſhe reads, the whole goes o'er;
'Twas heathen greek, or a little more;

Save

Save what a notice—ſerv'd to mention,
And there *her freehold* ſeem'd a queſtion.
Should ſhe burn it—no, an inward awe
For *that moſt ſacred ſomething, law,*
With-held her hand, beſides ſo much
Her freehold, yes, her freehold touch'd;
Embarraſs'd now, perplex'd her mind,
Why here *the devil* at once was blind;
He *knew no law*, and ſo muſt ſhrink,
Non-plus'd at this, nay what to think,
Or what to ſay of his own domain,
Was a matter not ſo ſoon explain'd:
Pride, pride, could never be ſubſiſted,
Without a ſomething ſure exiſted:
The eſtate, her freehold thus entrench'd on,
Why his might next be brought in queſtion;
So at once, on things ſo dark and doubted,
They'd conſult with lawyer Frank about it.

To Frank ſhe ſpeeds, to Frank to ſhew
This dreadful ſcrawl, and begs to know
For what it was—what purpoſe meant,
From whence it came, and why 'twas ſent;
And Frank he takes it, ſeems ſurpriz'd;
Looks very important, and vaſtly wiſe:
He reads, he ſhakes his head, and then
He reads, and ſhakes his head again.
Our trembling lady aſks to know
The cauſe that ſeem'd to move him ſo:
"Why madam," ſays Frank, "this affair,
but truly
"To give thereon an opinion fully,
"I muſt well conſider it, its a caſe confus'd,
"There are deeds I firſt muſt ſee and peruſe;

" Your *title deeds*, a light may throw,
" To convince if Straw has a claim, or no;
" I beg you'll ſend"—herſelf ſhe runs,
And back with her title deeds ſhe comes;
" But who is this Straw, I pray," ſays ſhe,
" And what's his will or his claims on me?"
" Madam," ſays Frank, " I need not ſhew
" How little of law you ladies know;
" But we, who know a little more,
" Know our man of ſtraw full well, the power
" He has, and holds in all our courts,
" The many titles he there ſupports;
" The many claims he has made and won,
" The many his claims have there undone:
" Now, your noble father, why who ſhould know,
" From any thing we yet can ſhew,
" But when, as I've heard he bought the eſtate,
" He was ill-adviſ'd, and we too late
" May find Straw's dormant claim made good
" From a title not then underſtood:
" But you'll leave the deeds, in a week or ſo
" I may give my opinion, call then and know."

With heavy heart the dame withdraws,
And dreads the horrors of the laws:
She dreads, ſo heavy ſeem'd her lot,
She dreads—ſhe fears—ſhe knows not what.

Law

Law every ſenſe abſorb'd, for now
Her ſenſes ſeem'd, ſhe knew not how—
Imaginations wildly run,
Law, law, how many has law undone!
How many rogues has law made great!
How many cheated out o'their eſtate!
Her pride, alas! her pride was lower'd,
And the devil now had ne'er a word:
Already fortune wore a frown—
Already ſeem'd to have brought her down.
And ſhe anticipates in her anxious care,
From the rich their ſcorn, from the poor
their ſneer.

And but one hope in this her need,
It was Frank, Oh, Mr. Frank, indeed.
All knew that lawyer Frank was clever,
And who could tell but he might ſave her;
So were our lady's wits to ſeek,
And thus ſhe reaſon'd out the week.

Anxious, to Frank, at the end ſhe goes,
With a face bewraying a many woes;
And the deeds you'll ſay, for a right deciſion,
Had undergone a ſhort reviſion:
But we charge not Frank with things ſo unjuſt,
And yet *ſuppoſe him prepar'd for the worſt.*

Gay and gallant, we find him ready
To make his bow, and ſalute my lady;
To give her joy of a title, clear
As the noon-day ſun, excepting where

It

It was for her to obſerve, for ſhe muſt know
One great incumbrance, which then he'd ſhew,
How by deeds, and fine of fifty-ſeven,
There was a reſerve and power of reſumption given
Againſt her father, whoſe right ſhou'd fail
In default of his daughter, her heirs, *in, Tail,*
Of her body begotten, born and alive,
Before her age of twenty-five:
"And," ſays Frank, "by your father's will I ſee
"You're twenty-four," "and two months," ſays ſhe:
"Right, right, my lady, a month at moſt,
"Upon my word, no time to be loſt;
"Your father, doubtleſs, had in this his views,
"And, ſurely, never doubted yours;
"But really ſuch a ſad delay—
"I know not what to think or ſay."
He then deſcants in copious phraſe,
Of the claims of Straw, how hard the caſe,
If the *incumbrance*, ſuch as he then explain'd,
She ſuffer'd longer, and let remain
An *incumbrance*, ſuch as every ſpinſter
Should know made always much againſt her;
Bids her compare the things, and ſay
Which ought in truth to bear a ſway;
Whether virgin-hood was worth debate;
A maidenhead better than a good eſtate;

That

That to be a woman, ſhe ſhou'd be a mother,
And part with one to preſerve the other;
That time was ſhort, the delay of a minute,
With danger great to her title in it:
In fine, Frank reaſon'd things ſo well,
So cogent to our Arabell;
So well explain'd her tickliſh caſe,
And ſet forth things with ſuch a face,
That the bluſhes which her cheek o'erſpread,
Betray'd ſhe felt for what he ſaid;
And her yielding ſympathizing ſoul,
Shew'd *love and law can all controul*;
Confeſſing with all-complying love,
That the *incumbrance* ought to be remov'd.

But here the muſe wou'd appear uncertain,
For here ſhe pretends to draw the curtain;
She allows that Frank had gain'd his motion,
And allows it more than bare a notion;
That he fought the devil is underſtood,
And laid him flat as a conqueror ſhou'd:
That the lady having the law her lover,
Was confirm'd in her rights, with a handful over;
And allow'd with joy, ſurpaſſing wonder,
That her devil now was fairly under;
That the active law, apply'd with vigour,
No devil ſo ſtrong to withſtand its rigour.

Indeed, that Frank prevail'd was plain,
The devil was never found again;

The

The ſun that roſe the enſuing morn,
Witneſs'd him fled, and ſhew'd him gone;
It ſaw our nymph, long paſt his riſing,
From love's luxuriant bed ariſing:
All lovely now, and all her pride,
That for what ſhe'd done, ſhe'd law on her ſide.
His concertions paſt, with ſmiles ſhe heard,
With tranſport paid, and with rapture clear'd.

The ſprightly Arabell appears,
Diveſted, now, of all her cares;
And Frank, with ſatisfaction, ſees
Her mind at unencumber'd eaſe;
Law's beaming intellectual ray,
Had chas'd her errors paſt, away;
And paſſion now with paſſion ſtrove,
With all the force of mutual love:
But here, tho' youth with love combin'd,
To fix his empire o'er the mind:
Tho' ardour glow'd in all their fires,
Still raiſing, kindling new deſires:
Yet truth, inſtructive, told their joy,
That love was but a vagrant boy;
An infant wanderer, us'd to roam;
Unleſs when hymen fix'd his home;
To this our enamour'd pair aſſent,
And reaſon prompts the fond conſent,
That the hymenial knot ſhould ſoon be ty'd,
And Arabell be made a bride;
So another day, another morn,
And private, with the earlieſt dawn,

Frank's

Frank's chaiſe and ſervants early ready,
Towards Romney takes him with our lady.

Frank's honeſt friend, the lawyer, meets 'em,
And with pleaſure very great, he greets 'em;
He ſaw the ejectment cauſe full plain
Was to be no longer then maintain'd:
And he quickly found the parties meant
A *diſcontinuance* thereof, *by conſent*:
But Frank meant more, to make it known
He had his views of love, but of intereſt none;
He meant, he meant, ſuppoſe we ſay
He meant to be honeſt in a profeſſional way;
For againſt contingent fates to guard,
When our lady's ſettlement Frank prepar'd,
Honor with truth was all he thought on,
And at her own diſpoſal left her fortune;
But ſhe, perhaps, more wiſe than wary,
Adverting too, to the ejectment ſtory;
And likely conſidering law from thence
Might twiſt the eſcript to any ſenſe:
A ſettlement! no—not ſhe indeed;
She in all was Frank's, and forbid the deed,
As well to ſhew ſhe in all was won,
And her generous love not to be out-done,
As that hearts conjoin'd, and minds the ſame,
Should never know a diſtinguiſh'd flame;
Nor ſeparate intereſts interfere;
Nor ſeparate wants or wiſhes there;

That of marriage deeds, ſhe thought the beſt
Was a mutual confidence, confeſt.

So leaving Frank with Arabell,
At her feet his grateful vows to tell:
To Clerg and Cauſtic back repairing,
We find them both with wonder ſtaring;
Our lady's abſence, that was known;
The lawyer too, why he was flown;
To all enquiries, none could ſay,
Or wou'dn't, more than the preceding day
They left the vill—but why, or whither,
Not one cou'd any tidings gather.

"Friend Clerg, thou knoweſt," "What Cauſtic, you,
"Think now of the devil," "indeed I do;
"I think our lawyer's ſtrangely flown,
"And wonder where the devil he's gone;
"Tho' not to pretend to fathom further
"Or deeper, friend, than any other.
"I aſk what thinkeſt thee about it?"
"Why, think," ſays Clerg, "that the lawyer's routed;
"That his boaſted works are none to ſave him,
"And think this devil of ours muſt have him."

And in a ſort Sir Clerg was right,
For behold, before the approaching night,
From Frank there comes a bidding courier,
To meet the lady, and to meet the lawyer,

If the way for their will was not too much,
Next morning early at *Brookland church*.

They hear the call, at Brookland, where,
At Brookland! what to wed her there?
'Twas a news like flame to furze or fern,
Dry, arid both, over both it run:
Like the furze they kindle, crack and blaze,
And like themſelves, ſtamp, fume and gaze.

To have cited Clerg to do his compunctions,
For the exerciſe of his fleſhly functions;
Where he'd ſo aſide the canon ſlip'd,
As to be of ſcarf and caſſock ſtrip'd:
Or had Cauſt before the elders—yea—
For leading goodly Ruth aſtray;
Been there expos'd before his whore;
Or now been ſet *behind the door*;
More cut, and with confuſion cover'd:
They cou'd not be, for they now diſcover'd
Their ſtakes were gone, and what was more,
They were gone, and might not be reſtor'd;
But they'll try, they ſay,—"the rogue amus'd
us,
"And has got our money, with a view to
abuſe us;
"To-morrow, does he ſay, a knave we'll at-
tend,
"Call to-morrow for me Cauſt, and good
night till then."

CANTO IV.

NOW hail, old Brookland, now all hail!
Night, gloomy night, withdrew his veil,
And the morning roſe, and phœbus ſplendid
In all his luſtres, there attended.
No beauties that could grace a morn,
Not one that could a day adorn:
No feather'd minſtrels of the grove,
A ſinging carol notes of love:
No ſkipping lambs, no ſpringing flowers,
No vernal gales, no roſeate hours;
Indeed, no charms can fancy rear,
But they, every one, to be ſure was there.

The jovial yeomanry proclaim
A feſtal morn, with a lively train;
To the hamlets far, and wide around,
The thrilling echo's bear the ſound:
From every hamlet far, and wide,
Their cheerful notes they hear, reply'd;
And all on whom content, and health,
And beauty wait, and youth, and wealth;
All theſe obey the harmonious bidding,
And come to hail *the lawyer's wedding*.

Array'd

Array'd for the day, Frank now ſucceeds,
And forth to his jocund friends he leads
His Arabell, with blooming pride,
With all that could adorn a bride,
And love's moſt brilliant arts conceive,
With taſte to invent, and wealth to give.

Now tune the ſwains their bridal ſongs;
The nymphs, they now, ſelect their throngs;
Their flowers are ſtrew'd, their wreaths combin'd,
Their garlands wove, and their chaplets twin'd;
Convok'd around, they hail the pair,
And then for Brookland all prepare.

Now Brookland, now thy lofty ſpire,
Than which no neighbouring vane was higher:
Now did ſome miracle working power,
Inform thy fall and ſhew the hour,
When that from off thy church ſhould ſunder,
To bring the contumacious under;
And to memorize, confirm, and raiſe
An honeſt lawyer's general praiſe.

Preparing now to undergo
The change, the faſtenings looſe below
Cements, they yield, and every brace
Slackens around the ample baſe.—
The tenons each their mortice leave;
The bolts their ſtaples ceaſe to cleave;

And

And clamps, and ſcrews, and every ſtay
Relax their hold, and clear the way;
That ſeparate, ſevering every part,
It might, at the minute it meant to ſtart,
Not have the leaſt pretence to ſtay it,
Or any matter that ſhould then delay it.

In ſurplice now, enrob'd and band,
Our Brookland prieſt takes book in hand;
And our Brookland prieſt we ſhew as one,
Who made the truths he taught his own;
The duties which his word exhorted,
The habit of his life ſupported;
His doctrines from that gracious ſource,
Whence practice gives the precept force.

And further, yes, to ſhew ſome cauſe—
Why at Brookland, now, Frank's marriage was;
Our Brookland prieſt, as the tale it ſays,
Was Frank's preceptor, in's boyiſh days;
That ſo it was, to Brookland now
He came to pay his marriage vow,
As owing from him his claſſick leſſon,
From him to take his marriage bleſſing.

And now our bridal trains appear;
But neither Clerg, nor Cauſt, yet there;
Our pair alight—our prieſt precedes 'em,
And up to the altar ſtraight he leads 'em;
To tell 'em there, by his honeſt word,
Why marriage ought to be preferr'd;

And there with what's to be ſaid and done;
No doubt our two will be ſoon made one.

Quick on the ſpur, now Cauſt and Clerg,
They ſmoak their ſteeds, and for Brookland church,
A troop of yeomen, bold and hearty,
Right forward Kentiſh, join their party:
To theſe our lady's tenants ſtout,
Beau'd out, and favor'd, join the rout;
And nobles, knights, and 'ſquires, ſo gay,
Were for Brookland, all, cock tail and away:
The lawyer's triumph, and the devil's defeat,
Spreads a general joy—and they'll all go ſee't.

The nuptual ceremony ſaid;
And the marriage benediction made;
And Frank in form had kiſs'd his bride,
And his congee's paid on every ſide,
Was leading forth, without the church,
Where, behold he finds, friend Cauſt and Clerg
Amidſt the throng, their caſe a ſtating,
And that of the bet, and ſtakes, debating,
To loſe—ſo ill with their tempers ſuited,
That they wanted converts now to diſpute it:
" For, a rogue, he had took 'em unadvis'd,
" When they had neither wits, nor ears, nor eyes;
" That, grant for a moment how—and ſo—
" That it was the devil"—ſay they, " we know."

" With

" With the devil, the law is hand and fiſt,
" And Frank's ſucceſs comes but to this;
" The devil would yield to ſerve a friend;
" And the deed was bad from its partial end:
" Or ſay that this a devil was not—
" But a ſomething elſe—no matter what—
" Why there the deed was null again,
" Void—nor by law could be maintain'd:
" Becauſe, as how—and ſo—and why—
" It was for the devil alone they meant to try."

Here Frank advanc'd, not a little ſurpriz'd,
" What! what! my worthy friends," he cries,
" Does church and phyſic raiſe a quibble,
" And come here to face me out o'the devil?
" Do they pretend to tax the law
" With fraud, uncertainty, and a flaw:
" To pronounce ſo freely o'er my deed,
" As to deny the devil, for which we agreed?
" No, truſt me, friends, whate'er ye ſpy,
" The deed is good, or no lawyer I,
" Is honeſt, liberal, fair, and juſt,
" And I dare its proof againſt your worſt."

" But ſay, what mean invidious view,
" Envious, malevolent, and ungenerous too,
" Can betray ye here, to ſo weak a trial,
" Againſt a truth ſo beyond denial;
" Behold, ye here; and recur, ye may,
" To the devil, your ghoſt Clerg cou'dn't lay;

" When

" When art, or pride, her beauties hid,
" And confirm'd the devil in all ſhe did.

" And behold her now, diſpenſing there,
" Around her bounties, ſee how fair,
" How meek, how lovely, and how benign,
" And all who are here to ſay, ſhe's mine.
" Nay, look, and let your tongues declare,
" If you ſee the devil any longer there;
" Look, and confeſs the devil is gone,
" And the conqueſt mine, and mine alone."

But, alas! how deaf, how blind, are thoſe
Who not having won, are loth to loſe!
An angel's tongue, to Clerg and Cauſt,
Would have ſounded harſh to ſay they'd loſt:
And a whooping ſavage ſweet have ſung,
Had he told Sir Clerg and Cauſt they'd won.

But ſhifting now their former ground,
Another plea they claim'd to have found:
" They'll allow the devil and admit the deed,
" And they'll allow him conquer'd, as he
was indeed;
" But to take the deed by a right deduction,
" And to give its letter a fair conſtruction,
" Interpret things in a liberal way,
" And let no narrow notions ſway;
" Why it wasn't the devil, and only he,
" Whereon, ſay they, we diſagreed;
" It was works, good works, in the general
praiſe,
" And eſteem o'the world had the conteſt
rais'd;

" That that bold truth of religion ſpoke
" Much more than the law would dare provoke;
" That the merit of the caſe was only there,
" And that ſuffering juſtice to interfere:
" The law muſt abandon his own poſition,
" That *he whoſe works were moſt worthy had moſt religion.*"

" This argument," crys Frank, " I muſt ſay,
" Comes rather ſudden upon me to-day;
" A matter of whim, to be here adjudg'd
" Before the doors of old Brookland church,
" Is ſomething novel, and unawares
" You have really took me, but come prepare;
" The deed conſtrue as you pleaſe, with admiſſion,
" That the pledge was under mutual conditions:
" The merit of works, be it even ſo,
" Its my caſe to a point, but however know,
" That for theſe conceſſions I'll have no delay,
" But an inſtant trial, in ſhort, I ſay,
" Before old Brookland's ſhade's forſaken,
" Be here an inquiſition taken:
" Judgment *per pais in eccleſiæ facie,*
" *Hic inſtanter, ex ſpeciali gratia.*"

" Our neighbours here all know us well,
" Wherein we fail, wherein excell;

" Our caſe they well and wiſe can weigh,
" None a juſter judgment give than they;
" They know our merits, as to facts are clear,
" So their judgment be the verdict here:
" Name then a jury, good and true,
" Call twelve yourſelves, I care not who,
" Provided *men of all degrees*,
" Or women, if occaſion ſees:
" Irrelative to ours are choſen,
" To make a miſcellaneous dozen;
" And he, to whom the verdict yields,
" Muſt ſhew the hero 'gainſt the field;
" The other's claims be ſuperſeded,
" And to him our religious ſtakes be yielded."

Cauſtic and Clerg to this agree,
For now ſucceſs they fairly ſee;
The deed conſtrued, ſo eaſy fitted,
And to be ſure the law muſt be now outwitted.

A jury's call'd—the firſt that ſtood
Was a noble baron of exalted blood;
The next a knight, then a 'ſquire appears;
And that *all degrees* ſhould have their ſhares;
Next an old ſea captain, rich in ſcars,
And rich laid up from his former wars;
The next a yeoman, muſtering paſt,
And a labouring ruſtic muſters laſt;
For here degrees, for the *panel* fails,
And Clerg and Cauſt, they *pray a tales*;
Six lawful men they'd found, and true;
Come take ſix lawful women too.

A titled dame, there nigh at hand,
First makes her courtesy there to stand;
Then comes a widow, and a wife, and now
An old maid, yes, and a young one too;
A meretricious one comes last,
Whom call a spinstress, so they past:
All charg'd to well and truly try,
Or rather speak their judgment, why
Sir Clerg, or Caust, or lawyer Frank,
Why one of the three, the first should rank;
Not which was a rogue, or knave, d'ye see,
For there, perhaps, they'd have lump'd the three;
But which o'the three by their *major dixit*,
Was the most religious, and that to fix it
So stood the case of divinity,
Of physic, and law, for a fair decree.

Silence is call'd, and the peer announc'd
For his judgment, first, which he thus pronounc'd:
" The greatest evil, to me, in life,
" Was my former rantipole of a wife;
" At intrigue, and cards, she went a rate,
" Defil'd my bed, and dip'd my estate:
" Reproofs were vain, nor would Clerg believe me,
" Nor Caustic venture aught to relieve me:
" But lawyer Frank's compelling course
" Was the way at once—he got me divorc'd;
" Turn'd my rampant lady forth to graze;
" Gain'd me content, and demands my praise."

The

The ſecond—hear ye him, "Our knight,
"Whoſe vote is on parliamentary right;
"For a neighbouring borough, long I've ſtood,
"And in the ſenate ſtrove for my country's good:
"A late election brought from town
"A wealthy bribing nabob down;
"So thick his rupees and pagodas flew,
"That I loſt my friends, and my election too;
"Both Clerg and Cauſtic knew my defeat,
"But what could they to gain my ſeat?
"Frank puſh'd my foe with ſuch detection,
"As gain'd me a vote for a new election:
"My opponent's aims were then defeated,
"And I, without a bribe, was ſeated:
"I love the church, have phyſic try'd,
"But in praiſe of the law I ſhall here divide."

The third, our 'ſquire, ſpurs up his horſe,
Standing on's ſtirrup, with a So' ho' yoic's:
"Of phyſic and church, why without a boaſt,
"I know as little, perhaps, as moſt:
"But for law, look here, ſee ye my horſe,
"As tight a thing as was ever croſs'd;
"Laſt Lammas races, I ſwop'd him there,
"With a Yorkſhire thief, for a cheſnut mare;
"To be ſure I was cut, or the knowing one, mind,
"With a mare that was ſpavin'd, blown and blind;
"Had never been bit, aye, could ye believe
"Such a judge as I, as I, was deceiv'd?

"But,

" But, faith, with thirty, crop was flown,
" The mare founder'd, and my chap gone;
" And what! why frank took rein in hand,
" Got me my horſe, and catched my man;
" Curry'd and dreſs'd him with a King's-
bench ſuit,
" And obtain'd the thirty I had given to boot.
" So church and phyſic, let 'em quit the
courſe,
" I'll back the law for the ſake of my horſe."

Our ſailor next, like a *Benbow* ſtood,
For legs he had none, but what were wood:
" What, my meſſmate Frank, do they doubt
you're trim!
" My lawyer Frank, why there, that's him;
" And where's the lubber here but knows
" What a good broadſide he always ſhews;
" Has his weight of metal, braſs every gun,
" And all well ſerv'd, from ſtem to ſtern;
" Now look here, wi' ye all, my ſtancheons
ſhews [bows;
" How the dons have rak'd me 'neath my
" Both ſtern poſts gone, you ſee, by the board,
" Aye laid ye gunnel deep in blood:
" My beam end's up—what, Cauſt, you're
thinking,
" How the devil they kept my hulk from
ſinking;
" Why, faith, with wedge and wouldings
tight,
" My boys, they ſet my courſes right;
" Aboard, aboard, lads, then we run it,
" And in half a glaſs, why vail'd their bonnet;

" So dropt our prize, a rich galeon,
" Aſtern our tack, and brought her home.
" But mind me, landſmen, ſteady, ſay I,
" Was I ever at the gangway known for a lie?
" No, if it is'n't true may I never more
" Take my rank again as commodore;
" When our navy agents had cook'd the kettle,
" And come, d'ye ſee, for our prize to ſettle,
" The looby lubbers, the raſcals, zounds,
" They'd have paid us farthings, in full, for pounds;
" And had ſo ſheer'd off, but avaſt, I ſay,
" Haul wind, and drop your kedge, belay;
" Frank clap'd aboard 'em, brought 'em to,
" Tally'd their ſheets, and their logbook to,
" And reckonings right, why ſee ye there,
" We had pounds for farthings, right and ſquare.
" Now for phyſic and church, pſhaw, their freight
" Is to Frank's like a bumb boat to a firſt chief rate;
" Without the law, what had been my lot?
" Why my hulk been left on the mud to rot;
" So Frank for ever—and on any topic
" I'd ſerve him, from here to the further tropic."

Now our yeoman's call'd, and comes, replies,
" Without regret I pay my tithes;
" If pain afflicts, I Cauſtic call,
" Take what he preſcribes, andpay for a ll:

" But

" But what's the church, or my health, compar'd
" To that freedom, which I love and ſhare?
" As a free-born ſon of Kent, I boaſt,
" And prize my liberties the moſt;
" And therefore prize the law's controul,
" Which regulates and preſerves 'em whole.

" I pay my taxes, free to a doit,
" And ſcorn to rob my king of his right;
" And yet to the abuſe of my ſovereign's name,
" A revenue rogue late in office came;
" Broke open my doors, ranſack'd my houſe,
" Plunder'd my goods, and ſtole my horſe;
" Then to juſtify his depredations,
" Filed *ex officio* informations:
" In vain, in fear of greater evil,
" At firſt I thought to appeaſe a devil;
" In vain petition'd, ſu'd, implor'd,
" Nor goods, nor horſe, were yet reſtor'd:
" To my neighbour Frank applying, then
" My claims were heard,, and my rights obtain'd;
" He drove the villain forth the county,
" And this I owe to the lawyer's bounty;
" Nor church, nor phyſic, have the leaſt to thank, [Frank."
" So I give my ſuff'rage for my neighbour

The ſixth is our labouring peaſant, coming
With the marks of hard induſtry on him:
'Neath his hoary hairs, content diſplays
The index of an honeſt heart,—his face:

"Moſt praiſe, ſays he, I've heard expreſs'd,
"Is to the bridge that bears us over beſt;
"The church, it bears a name no doubt—
"But for phyſic, I've always done without;
"The law, I'll tell you, I dare maintain—
"The law's the beſt—and I'll make it plain;
"Becauſe 'tis now 'bout half a year,
"When a neighbouring 'ſquire, no one that's here, [beguil'd,
"To a father's wrong, would have my Deb
"And I beat the villain to ſave my child:
"As juſtice, aye, and accuſer both;
"Then to priſon he ſent me for aſſault, on oath,
"And to bring poor Deb, perhaps, to his bow,
"Diſtrain'd our goods, and pounds our cow:
"And when Deb beg'd Sir Clerg's aid,
"O the 'ſquires pleaſure would be beſt obey'd:
"But when to maſter Frank 'twas known,
"Why I, and goods, and cow came home,
"My Deb preſerv'd, and the 'ſquire ſo yielding,
"Sent me twenty guineas to ſtop proceeding;
"Then to maſter Frank my praiſe be ſhewn;
"Who made a poor man's caſe his own."

Thus our *boni hominis* undivided,
The ſix, they all for the law decided;
And the more Frank's caſe was ſeen to ſtrengthen,
More Clerg and Cauſtic's faces lengthen'd;
They ſaw Frank's merits rule the day,
But hear the women, come, what ſay they?

Firſt, our noble lady comes, declaiming
Of a titled anceſtry paſt, naming;

" Dukes, earls, viſcounts, and lords," ſays ſhe,
" From the firſt to the Lord knows what de-
gree;
" The tables of my lineage paſt reveal,
" And give me a coat of many a ſhield:
" My Father, proud of a boaſted race,
" Play'd away his lands to uphold his grace,
" And would then have left ſome incumber'd
pightles
" To his booby brother, to ſupport his titles,
" Whilſt I, no doubt, he underſtood,
" Might eat and drink on my noble blood;
" Sir Clerg knew this, but my father's pride
" He ne'er ſubdu'd, or he never try'd;
" And Cauſtic, tho' he knew him well,
" This wind in the blood could ne'er expel:
" So plain, unleſs by law preſerv'd,
" On titled quality I'd ſtarv'd:
" When lawyer Frank took up my wrong,
" He prov'd the duke *non compos* long;
" Confin'd him then from gambling harpies,
" And retriev'd his lands from thieves and
ſharpers:
" He liv'd to the ſenſe of his former fault;
" And dying, left his eſtate as he ought:
" No wonder then, from ſuch a cauſe,
" My honour, honours moſt the laws."

The eighth, a childleſs widow, ſee,
" I mourn a huſband dead," ſays ſhe,
" To his memory no diſpraiſe I call,
" But great as his fortune I brought it all;
" And had his will obey'd his word,
" He'd have piouſly left me—juſt a third;

" But e're his caprice cou'd decide
" He burnt his will, and ſo he died;
" His tribe of kindred then appear,
" And half his fortune claim their ſhare;
" While debts pretended every one,
" Of the other half wou'd have left me none;
" Nothing cou'd Clerg, tho' him I ſent for,
" Nor could Cauſtic bleed 'em into temper;
" But lawyer Frank eſpous'd my caſe,
" And not a ſingle debt wore face;
" Behold too, every good relation
" Beyond the right of repreſentation:
" My fortune thus retriev'd from thrawl,
" Inſtead of none, law gave me all;
" And heart and word I yield the law's,
" Which beſt could right a widow's cauſe."

The ninth advances, ſhe a wife
In the *ante* meridian of life;
" I married" ſays ſhe, " for love no doubt,
" And was drub'd by ſpouſe e're the month was out;
" And ſcarce a day, nay, ſcarce an hour,
" But he exercis'd this crab-tree power:
" In vain I wiſh'd Sir Clerg to rule him;
" But the caſſock that ſhould never fool him;
" Cauſtic, 'twas vain on him to call,
" Doctors, he'd damn the doctors all;
" But lawyer Frank compos'd the ſtrife
" At once, he bid me ſwear my life;
" Prefer'd my tale of many woes,
" About my many grievous blows;

" And bound at ſeſſions up to the peace;
" Why, my crab-tree 'ſquire was at once appeas'd;
" The houſe was ſet to rights in a trice,
" Happy paſs our days, and the ſame our nights;
" Domeſtic jars are all ſubdu'd,
" And we live the very way we ſhou'd:
" Be lauded then the generous law,
" That thus can tyrant huſbands awe;
" Can tie the hand of imperious braves,
" And ſhew we wives are not their ſlaves."

The tenth, Miſs Dinah's now diſcry'd,
Her charms to be ſure o'the ſhady ſide;
Years o'er her youth had thrown a curtain;
But ſhe'd been a beauty—O very certain:
You'd her word—ſhe was a beauty now, undoubted;
But her wrinkles didn't agree about it:
" I'm ſeventy," ſays ſhe, as ſome folks cry;
" But I'm but thirty-nine come next July;
" And a twelvemonth ſince, when young Dan Trick,
" For the love he bore me, I thought was ſick;
" So much I lik'd the face he carried,
" That I gave my word, and wou'd have married.
" He got my goods, and he got my plate,
" And he got the deeds of all my eſtate;
" And having got 'em—Oh, grief to tell!
" He laugh'd at me, and married Nell;
" And, Clerg, what will not rogues for money!
It was him that ſaid the ceremony:

" And Cauſtic, he's a rogue as well;
" 'Twas his Butler, Ned, that father'd Nell:
" But lawyer Frank—a bleſſing on him!
" When he put ſpoke in wheel among 'em;
" He let Dan find he'd a bargain made,
" Without conſideration paid;
" That of plate and deeds, I'd been deceiv'd;
" Had value paid, and none receiv'd:
" So got me back my deeds again,
" And left my biter bit with ſhame:
" And lawyer Frank I ſay's the beſt,
" For he wou'dn't ſee a fool oppreſt."

The eleventh comes, in whom there ſhone
The various charms of twenty-one;
Beauty and innocence ally'd,
Beam'd forth with eaſy native pride.
" The law," ſays ſhe, " to thee I bow;
" Thou ſaw'ſt me once an orphan, low;
" A parent's foſtering care was fled,
" For parents, both of mine were dead:
" A barbarous uncle's cruel hands
" Uſurp'd my rights, and poſſeſs'd my lands;
" My rights and lands maintain'd him great,
" And I a menial to his ſtate:
" This was not all—he obſcur'd my name,
" And was giving me up to diſgrace and ſhame:
" Sir Clerg and Cauſtic knew my ſire,
" But never of his orphan child inquir'd,
" When a hap my fate in part expreſs'd,
" And the enquiring law found out the reſt;
" Obtain'd me all my parents gave;
" And ſham'd a villain to his grave;

" And this I owe, with praiſe I ſay,
" To the honor'd bridegroom of the day;
" On him may every joy attend,
" The man who ſtood an orphan's friend."

The twelfth comes on, our ſpinſtreſs, pert,
And one that looks the rogue complete;
A girl of game, whoſe ſparkling eye,
Cou'd tell, at leaſt cou'd ſignify
Her truant youth was fond of kiſſing,
And her experience ſomething more than wiſhing:
" I was once," ſays ſhe, " what makes ye ſmile,
" Like the lady laſt, an orphan child;
" Dropt, none knew where—and when thirteen ſcarce,
" Old Gape, the miſer, ſaw my face;
" He ſaw and took me at a twelvemonths hire.
" To ſweep his houſe and make his fire;
" And well—and what can now be ſaid,
" Why I tuck'd him up, and made his bed;
" Yes, made his bed, and warm'd it too,
" When he'd written on paper well to do;
" When that in black and white was good,
" To make me honeſt when ever I wou'd."

" But, alas! my apron hanging looſely,
" He turn'd me out, and ſore abus'd me;
" Forlorn, I went and told my grief
" To Clerg, to Cauſt—but no relief;
" To lawyer Frank my way then taking,
" My paper ſhewing, my afflictions ſtating—
" He read, he heard, nor turn'd aſide
" Till his purſe had tow'rds my wants ſupply'd;

" And I brought my babe, and with fondneſs
cheriſh'd
" What had elſe with a hapleſs mother periſh'd.
" Then matters went againſt Gape ſo high,
" That Gape gave bond to keep my boy:
" Gape's marriage promiſe then was try'd,
" And a generous jury took my ſide;
" My caſe well told, poor Gape was found
" To have done me damage of five hundred
pounds:
" Poor Gape he paid it, being caſt,
" And ſhortly after gap'd his laſt:
" Thus, tho' wealth drove me forth his door,
" The law, tho' young I was, and poor,
" It let a wealthy villain ſee,
" It wasn't more for him than me;
" But pois'd the ſcale 'twixt poor and rich,
" And made me as honeſt as I really wiſh'd:
" To lawyer Frank my duty bends,
" A villain's foe, and a woman's friend."

And now the momentuous hour that brings
The weighty ſumming up of things;
That hour of mighty proof—the minute
With wonder great, and ſurpriſing in it:
That pregnant hour—the teeming great
And important hour, big with the fate
Of the ſteeple, law, and church, and phyſic;
Paſs but the preſent, and the next hour is it:
For all that holds our ſteeple tight
Is a ſingle cobweb,—and that but ſlight.

For judgment now, ſo giv'n on facts
Of various deeds, and ſeveral acts,

All prov'd, all known, all paſt denial,
Why Frank was deem'd to have gain'd his trial;
But Clerg, with Cauſtic's wayward will,
Would have quibbled on new objections ſtill;
For when the jurors found, and over,
They want a trial then *de novo*;
Say, if the jury are not pack'd, they're brib'd,
And their verdict oughtn't to be receiv'd:
But here they fail'd, the clamour roſe,
And well it was they 'ſcap'd with blows;
For from avarice riſing, or elſe from ſpleen,
So plain were now their doublings ſeen;
And the law ſo decidedly fair made out,
That they both look'd palpably mean throughout.

So over-rul'd of a trial anew,
What next were Clerg and Cauſt to do?
Why their faith, they cry, was intereſted,
And this judgment ought to be arreſted;
Or at leaſt a pauſe allow'd, and had,
Before any further ſtep was made:
That the preſent caſe, in the abſtract given,
Was a caſe preciſely about religion;
And faith and works, they well contended,
The ſum and ſubſtance of religion blended;
The law's good works they muſt not doubt,
But what's his faith, was that made out?
Where was that ſplendid ſaving grace,
Which left unprov'd, diſprov'd his caſe.

Frank, here diſguſted, quits the two,
And the people they with Frank withdrew:

"From

"From such this grace," says he, "of thine;
"Whate'er it is, may it ne'er be mine:
"From such religions let me run,
"Content if mine has works alone;
"And they alone, as you contest it—
"Yes, only works to manifest it."

"So each on his own peculiar rest—
"Faith yours, and mine, my works confest—
"I leave ye," he cries, "to believe and doze,
"Cataleptics both," and so off he goes:
And gone he had, his bride and friends,
And Clerg and Caust have been left, for then;
But whether as he turn'd, 'tis right to say,
He saw the steeple giving way;
Or whether such the strength and power
Of the faith deny'd him just before,
That what might else have mov'd a mountain
Was content with a steeple, because accounting;
As matters then, and occasions prest,
The instant proof would be the best;
So that then he bid divinity,
And physic, there stand both and see,
That the law which cou'd a devil subdue,
Should then bring down a steeple too;
A steeple, in the hands of law, no more
Than the devil had been awhile before.

No, stay—belief, perhaps, won't centre
In a dash, to be made at so great a venture;
Its enough to shew that things occur'd
In the way that things were seen and heard;
That Frank, tho' firm to a resolve, unalter'd,
To *debate of nothing behind the altar*;

Bid 'em ſhew their faith; and, if they cou'd,
Its ſuperior ornament, and good;
And its ſuperior worth, to qualify
The world, in the way to live or die,
Beyond, or even to an equal ſhare
With *the law's correction, reſtraint, and care.*

Here the attitude of diſputation
Clerg and Cauſt put on, and took their ſtation;
"I boaſt a light," ſays Clerg, "and inſiſt on't;"
And *down the ſteeple came* in the inſtant:
Nor faith, nor light, was there more diſtinguiſh'd,
For faith, the light, was of both *extinguiſh'd.

To paint the looks, the ſurprize, and terrors,
The wonders, frights, and fears, and horrors;
The gapings, ſtarings, runnings, fallings,
And the dreadful outcries, ſhrieks, and ſquallings;
I ſay, to paint 'em as they were,
It wou'd take more tints than we've got to ſpare.
O'er hedge, and ditch, and ſtile, and gate,
Such a fear does a ſteeple's drop create;
Such a ſcare and dread attend it's fall,
That the fear—was more than the hurt with all.
For their recollection gaining pauſe,
And they found out whereabouts they was,
Had gather'd up their ſcatter'd ſenſes,
And cou'd look a little to conſequences,

* Brookland ſteeple is ſaid to have furniſhed the firſt hint for the invention of an extinguiſher; whether from any ſimilarity of form (which it certainly has to that uſeful utenſil) or from the above circumſtance is uncertain.

hey found, in ſpite of all alarms,
hey had yet their heads, and eyes, and arms,
nd then cou'd turn theſe heads and eyes,
o look for the cauſe of all the ſurprize;
irſt, "where's the lawyer?" why claſp'd to his
breaſt
e had ſnatch'd up his bride, and run with the
reſt.
—Frank being found—why then they turn
or Clerg and Cauſt—"where's the ſcoun-
drels run?"
ſs, the fright! not one had ſeen it,
he ſteeple whelm'd 'em underneath it.
durance there, the two alone
uck faſt and ſafe, within it's cone;
here, whatſoever their boaſted light,
ow black as pitch, and gloomy night;
here, what their outward light deny'd,
he blaze of conſcience that ſupply'd;
or a face of utter darkneſs ſpread,
nd they both ſeem'd number'd with the dead.

t firſt they thought, and with a reaſon,
hat the claw of horrors that had ſeiz'd 'em;
nd with a vapour and a crack
ad brought 'em there on his worſhip's back;
ad there in's darkeſt parlour ſhut 'em
ill he had took a thought where next to put 'em.
ell, then they think of a diſſolution,
nd hour of final retribution;
nd turning back their retroſpective,
t once to faith and works direct it:
was vain, their faith affords no handle,
nder a buſhell they'd hid their candle.

To works, Oh! ſpite of all contending,
Good works had now been moſt befriending
But what were theirs—they look,—but blind
They look for what they cannot find.
'Twas dark you'll ſay—yes dark as ſin,
Their light without and their light within.

But to look without—by this the people
Had ventured round about the ſteeple;
Awhile, why what was ſaid by all,
Only the ſteeple's made a fall:
But when they heard, the mutual moans
Of Clerg and Cauſt—their ſighs and groans-
With general voice they begun to cry,
What then was plain to every eye,
The devil, Sir Clerg, and Cauſt's defeat—
And the law, by a miracle, ſhewn complete.

"It's not a time for Clerg and Cauſt,"
Say they, "to queſtion who has loſt;
"When ſuch a right, downright, conviction,
"Proves things ſo 'gainſt all contradiction;
"No time to pauſe about conſent,
"When the law has got the church to aſſent
"And the ſteeple's come to take it's part,
"It's in vain any new demur to ſtart:
"No, no, no time at all to debate,
"What a wonder comes to vindicate."

"True," ſays another, "but this declares
"The aukward poſture of Sir Clerg's affairs
"What, tho' he's *on fundumentals now*,
"And his *grounded principles* can ſhew,

T

" The ſteeple, doubtleſs, now has trap'd him,
" Cauſe way with word were ill-adapted;
" Cauſe word and way, mal-apropos,
" Might be brought within a limit ſo;
" To be ſure his faults, you may ſay, are hid;
" But it looks ſuſpicious," (as indeed it did;)
" When the very ſteeple has rais'd a rumpus,
" To bring him into a proper compaſs."

" Nay," ſays a third, " its a church manœuvre,
" To draw our doctor Cauſtic over;
" It ſaw our friend in a way of ſin,
" And charitably here has took him in:
" Has given his outward man protection,
" And clap'd him up in a veſſel of election."
Thus faſt flew round the jeers and ſnatches
O'er Clerg and Cauſt, beneath the hatches;
Fairly compar'd, e're the whole was over,
To two roaſted geeſe brought under cover.

" Oh, a truce," crys Clerg, from the ſteeple there,
When he heard from without how matters were,
" A truce, good folks, with your cenſures pray,
" And get us out if you know the way;
" For our caſe is not a caſe for trifling,
" So get us out, for here we're Stifling."

" So I fear," ſays Frank, " but, alas! my friends,
" In your preſent caſe there's more depends
" Than what the hammer, the axe, and ſaw
" Can here avail ye, for know by law;
" *Tenants, like you, at the will of the Lord,*
" Muſt make your reliefs and ſervices good;

" And no ſuch ſeodary's, however driven,
" Muſt commit a waſte where no leave is given:
" To be ſure, the ſteeple's change, you'll ſay,
" Will require from the church another way;
" And its very true ſuch a way is wanted,
" But yet till leave for a way is granted;
" 'Till our writ of *ad quod damnum's* gain'd,
" And an inqueſt had, can it be obtain'd;
" So its at all our perils, I clearly ſee,
" Here to lift a hand to ſet ye free."

Clerg heard all this, aye, every word,
And chaf'd, like Jonah, under his gourd:
And as for Cauſtic, he, they tell you,
Like Jonah, fretted in the fiſhes belly;
But finding how things went without,
That here *the law muſt help 'em out*;
They beg, intreat, and importune
Frank to let 'em looſe, and do it ſoon;
For that he, whoſe caſe and cauſe had wrought
To the beginning down, a ſteeple for't,
Carried teſtimony ſo efficient,
They wiſhed no further, it was quite ſufficient.
A truth which, perhaps, if they more perplext,
Might bring the church for a witneſs next;
So brothers in adverſe fortune then,
Each begs the law to ſtand his friend.

" Well, come," ſays Frank, " I have recollected
" With ſurprize at my memory being ſo defective;
" I recollect that a church going way
" No man can ſtop, or power gainſay:

" And

" And a way its plain to the meaneſt judge,
" That the ſteeple ſhould have a way to church,
" And church to ſteeple, for tho' disjointed,
" As good Chriſtians here, we'll ſee 'em united;
" So for church and phyſic, bring here the ſaw,
" Let 'em ſee, and acknowledge, they're freed
by law."
And freed they were, and free to own
Their wager loſt, and that Frank had won:
" The ſtakes we yield, the devil's deſtroy'd,
" The lady's yours, and we wiſh you joy."

The ſtakes were brought, and Frank he gave
To ſuch whoſe wants aſſiſtance crav'd;
Where need requir'd, and relief deſerv'd,
He gave the whole, without reſerve.

" Now come," ſays he "and pledge the winner,
" Come all, and ſhare our bridal dinner;
" And Clerg and Cauſt, come, hail my bride,
" And here let all diſputes ſubſide;
" And while old Brookland ſtands to tell,
" What has here to-day, ſo odd befel,
" Never let phyſic, nor never church,
" The law with haſte or rancour judge:
" Nor church, nor law, nor phyſic frown
" On the other's faults—each correct his own:
" Since the great concern of every man,
" Should be juſt himſelf to underſtand,
" By means his own, let each purſue
" Juſt what in his ſtate he ought to do:
" Each keep within his proper ſphere,
" And ne'er beyond it interfere."

And

And this laſt word of application—
Would each but act as becomes his ſtation;
Would phyſic, yes, and would the divine,
With law, in this one maxim join:
Do what you can—doing what you ſhould,
Then what they did would be doing good;
And equally worthy as the law,
They might match the devil with a *Straw.*

F I N I S.